WILCOX & GIBBS

SEWING MACHINES

-FOR-

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

chant tailor, or any other tailor ever uses a loop

But the Wilcox & Gibbs' agent told us it made

that it was a "first class" machine, and run very

still, and it cost \$65 with a small cover and Bar-

Did the agent make you believe it made a fast

pocket than you ought to pay for them, thinking

that you are getting a fast stitch machine, when

in fact it is only a loop stitch, as is well known.

"Well, the first time I wore it, one of the bias

men in regard to the utility of sewing machines: | like her.

There is not an invention of this inventive age

which honors American genius more than the

ed of its benefits .- New York Independent

-Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

can be obtained .- American Agriculturist.

"Click, click, click,

Click, click, click,

Merry, tireless and free

Is a merry sound to me.

With bodice trim and neat,

I seam and cusset and band.

With my daintily slippered feet,

Stitch to the click of the steel,

While I turn the gliding wheel

With the silver gleaming thread O Woman ! no more a slave,

To gusset, and seam, and band,

Shall beautiful grow, and brave

In the light of this happy land.'

"New American," "Gold Medal,"

"Weed," "Home Shuttle," "Bart-

lett," "Globe," "Wilcox &

chineson

Gibbs," Sewing Ma-

hand

and the Foot Power

Knitting Macchins

for sale and all warranted.

Superior Cabinet Organs and Me-

F. P. CHENEY,

Barton or Glover.

And never an aching head,

And a small, white fingered hand

chine did Mrs. D. stitch my dress on?"

"Why, on her new Wilcox & Gibbs."

stitch machine, but double threaders only.

tailors don't use them.

num self seam.

Nem Advertisements. YLER WATER WHEELS,-Over 3,000 in Sullivan Machine Co., Claremont, N. H., for re-

MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE INSTI-On Nashua and Concord Railroad. REV. S. N. HOWELL, Principal. Advantages—retired location, yet easy of access; no saloons, or places of idle resort; full corps of teachers; thorough instruction, &c.
Pupils received at any time. Send for circular.

THE FARMER'S BOOK. In Both English and German. of land; make three times as much out of stock; raise three times as much grain, hay, roots and all

farm crops, and more than double all the profits of the farm. Every rmer, stock raiser, gardener and fruit culturist wants it. One hundred and torty illustrations. Sales MAKE mmense. Send for circular. Enerprising men will learn the par-iculars of a money making busi-less by addressing ZEIGLER, Mc-PAY. CURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Mass.

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Now is the time for Book Agents to make money by taking an agency for Mrs. E. F. Exter's new book,

"The Court Circles of the Republic : OR, THE BEAUTIES AND CELEBRITIES of the Nation."

A new National Work—one of the very best D O N ' T B E S C A R E D iful and distinguished women of our country. A complete inside view of Life and Society eminent statesmen and prominent beiles as they

WASHINGTON TO GRANT! Full of personal anecdotes, amusing and illustrative scenes, &c. The very best inducements offered agents on this Great Work. Send for our the thread. Try it, and then you will know why HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO.,

Clark's Indelible Pencils. FOR MARKING CLOTHING, ETC. "More convenient than ink."-Am. Agriculturist. "Invaluable to housekeepers."—Godey's Book.
"A very useful article."—Am. Inst'e Report, 1867.
Sole Agent, E. FABER, 133 William st., N. Y.
Sold by Stationers and dealers everywhere. A . W. FABER'S LEAD PENCILS.

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A. W. Faber's Stenographic, being hard and durable, writing, black and clean, is the best pencil for Architects, Engineers, and Accountants. E. FABER, 133 Wm-st., N. Y., Sole Agent of all A. W. Farka's Pencils, Crayons, nor its twisted loop, make it any safer than the Sister, &c.

happens to get unlooped, neither does the high price that you paid for it, nor its running still, nor its running still, nor its twisted loop, make it any safer than the mandments?

happens to get unlooped, neither does the high price that you paid for it, nor its running still, nor its twisted loop, make it any safer than the

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent black or brown.
One Comb sent by mail for \$1. For sale by
Merchants and Draggists generally. Address
Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.

AMUSETTE NEW Parlor Game. FINEST THING OUT. TP FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. JE

Principal Depot, 98 Chamber St., N. Y. AMUSETTE. A GENTS! READ THIS!
We will pay agents a salary of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to

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A SK your Doctor or Druggist for Sweet Qui

Great Sun-Sun Chop. stick, and it runs much stiller than any of the



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FRANK B. DAVIS & CO., [Successors to Shepherdson & Davis] BRADFORD, VERMONT,

STEEL COAL, SEEDS.

HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

&c., &c., &c. 20,000 pounds Nova Scotia Grind Stones, just received by F. B. DAVIS & CO.

THE CELEBRATED Prize Churn, can be found at F. B. DAVIS & CO. ARPENTERS you can find tools of every

description at the lowest market prices, from the best manufacturers, both Foreign and Amer-ican, at F. B. DAVIS & CO. CONSTANTLY on hand, Blacksmith's Mate

Corks, Horse Nails, Malable's, Nutts, Washers, Bolts, &c. We make a speciality of German Glass and Builder's Materials of every description. Orders solicited, which will receive ## Manufacturer's Agents for John H. Rich ards' Blacking.

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PALMER'S Springs and Fisherville Axles, a
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Card Photographs, Tin Types and all sizes, cheaper than any other place in the County. I have a large assortment of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, NIAGARA. and other scenery, consisting of some of the best views in the world, which will be sold from \$1 10

STEREOSCOPES from \$1 50 to \$2 00 each. Oval Picture Frames from 50 cents to \$1 50 each. SQUARE FRAMES

at just what the moulding costs without any charge for making. ALBUMS holding 50 pictures from 75 cents to \$3 00 each. STEEL ENGRAINGS. Chromos, Lithographs, will be sold for just what they cost in Boston.

WINDOW AND PICTURE GLASS of all sizes cheap, picture Cord and Knobs of all kinds. And everything sertaining to the picture business.
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22

J. E. DWINELL—Dealer in all modern styles
Outstains, Pixtures, Tassels and Cord; also a
good assortment of Coffins and Caskets.

WM JOSLYN & SONS—Apothecaries and
Wholesale Druggists, Barton, Vt.

Ripe Wheat.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form, And our tears fell softly down; We looked our last on the aged face, With its look of peace, its patient grace,

And hair like a silver crown. We touched our own to the clay-cold hands, From life's long labor at rest; And among the blossoms, white and sweet. We noted a bunch of golden wheat, Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom. Of a land where fall no tears. The ripe wheat told of toil and care. The patient waiting, the trusting prayer, The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found, What rugged places her feet; What cross was hers, what blackness of night; We saw but the peace, the blossoms white, And the bunch of ripened wheat, As each goes up from the fields of earth,

Bearing the treasures of life, God looks for some gathered grain of good, From the tipe harvest that shining stood, But waiting the reaper's knife. Then labor well, that in death you go

Not bent with doubt, but burdened with fears,

Not only with blossoms sweet,-

And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,--But laden with golden wheat, JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.kum tew the konklushun laitly that life wuz so unsartin that the only way ever written—and destined to have an immense sale. It is a fresh lively, sparkling book, splendidly illustrated with 16 elegant steel portraits of tised by other parties," (see Express,) for no merities and the split of the sp other folks waz tew git my life insured, and so called onto the agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Machine? Answer-because it makes the loop | Company, and answered the following stitch and if it gets unlooped at the end of the questions which were put to me over

> the "twisted loop" stitch, and a "fast seam," and ty a little noze as any man ever owned. stait how long you hev been so. seam? Yes; and he proved it by cutting off would hold to pull hard upon, straight across the

> wate? stitch machines if managed just in that way, but and if so, how mutch? that does not hinder the seam pulling open, if it 5. What iz yure legal opinion ov

> > or are you a batchelor? 8. Du yu believe in a future state? ing machine.

is liable to let your garments part asunder at If yu du state it. times when you would choose to be clothed rath-"Husband," said Mrs. G. "what kind of a mahed-kan it be did sucksesfully? 10. Did yu ever kommit suiside, "Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven, "1

ing seams in the waist pulled open. One stitch | yu? broke, and then one side pulled off, leaving the loops of thread in the other side. Now, I will if so, how menny?

nor any other loop stitch machie, and when you run from twenty thicknesses of heavy cotton smiled one uv mi most pensive smiles. bill for a month?"

changing thread, needle or tension, and the New American will make nice, strong button holes, is mother. I am her son. Ma's name and do overseaming, making the over edge is Mrs. Scrimp; she is the wife of Mr. old style shuttle machines, and the shuttle is Scrimp, and Mr. Scrimp is her husvery easily threaded and regulated. It costs band. Pa is my husband. My name is only a trifle more than the Wilcox & Gibbs, and | John Washington Scrimp. Pa's name I would sooner buy it if it cost six times as much, is Scrimp too, and so is Ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grandletter to Judge Barrett, "I regard it as far shead of any other sewing machine in existence," and ma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My certainly think it very silly to pay a great price pa says mother-in laws ought to be for a small, single thread loop stitch machine. vetoed. I like my grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten cents stamps and bolivars. She don't bring ly popular, as well as practical and discerning any to pa. Maybe that's why he don't

was a little boy she was his sister. I sewing machine. No family ought to be deprivlike little sisters. Dickey Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I They will force the industry of women into a take her out riding on my sled. Aunt thousand new channels, and emancipate her Jerusha don't like her. She calls her from the cramped posture and slow starvation "that Mopps girl." I think Aunt Jeof needle work. Ultimately nearly every com-Aunt Jerush lives with us. Sometimes I think ma had rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she did not marry seamstress that defies extortionate men. They somebody and set up for herself. She cannot cheat it, nor starve it, nor deprive it of sleep, nor tire it out, nor make its hands weary. said that many and many a man had It is a worker that is a match for the most unwanted to marry her, but while her poor Susan Jane was in such a state Mary shortly. wearied and avaricious manufacturer. At last I am thankful that there is a machine woman of health she couldn't think of leaving! that cannot be oppressed nor kept in suffering.

of your poor pa? Woman's Greatest Boon .- We would ad-Aunt Jerusha sometimes has a state vise a man to forego a thresher, and thresh wheat of health too. On washing days she with a flail, rather than see a wife wear her has the headache, and does ner head health, vigor, and life away in the everlasting up in brown paper and vinegar, and I "stitch, stitch, stitch," when a sewing machine kitchen fire; and I make some for domestic affairs!"

Aunt Jerusha says that nobody knows what she has done for that boy. That boy's me again. I told pa what she said. He said it was just so; nobody did know. Ma said that Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she's pa's dear sister. I don't see why tha't any reason she should always scold

lawyer, he once had a case before a considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and tic accent upon her reverie. the court room, scattering imprecations all around him. The Judge straightened himself to his full height. assumed an air of offended majesty, Superior Cabinet Organs and Melodians, mant'd by the Boston Organ Co. and asked Thad, if he meant "to exclosely written memoranda. press his contempt for this Court ?" ly, made a respectful bow, and re-

> find it d-d hard to do it." the children to repeat the text on their return from church, to prove that they And thus indefinitely. nothing for? Go into my barnyard there will be plenty of time." and go to work, and I'll make it all She glanced at her watch, and then right with you."

The Utica Observer says: "There before the vehicle arrived, and she palling!" are 84389543779854729678554229- employed the surplus time in jotting

ed, she took her seat with the selfpossession of a queen.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window seat, and a blue-ribboned woman in a carriage. guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself

with her desk to write some letters. She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase " retrouse." Mary Haven had character—that you might see at a

Turning the Tables.

As she sat there selecting her pen and unscrewing the silver top of her inkstand the door opened very softly, and a round, full-mooned face appear-

" Mrs. Haven, mem, if you please." "Yes," said Mrs. Haven, descrying at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunderstorm in the domestic atmosphere. "What is it cook?"

"It's not that you are a kind mistress, mem," said the cook twisting the hem of her checked apron, " the wages is good, not to say company is you please." allowed once a week, and Sunday evenings always out, but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, no more they can't, and I hain't no patience with such doings, and if you please to suit yourself mem, at a a little, round, gray head, and az pretmonth's warnin'-

"Why cook, what is the matter?" Some can abide meddlin with, 1. Are you mail or female? If so, mem, and some can't-and if the barrel of mackerel sets on the wrong cor-2. Are you subject tew fits, and if ner, and the sugar boxes ain't kept part of the stitches on the right side and then it so, do yu hev more than one at a time? covered proper, it's the mistress should 3. What iz yure presice fitting tell me of it, and not the master, and if Mr. Haven wants me to cook mem. A. W. Faber's new pencils of Siberian lead in 10 grades are superior to any pencil ever made. So will the seam of any of the luttle cheap loop 4. Did yu ever hev cony ansisters, well and good, but I won't stay in the same kitchen!"

> Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She 6. Du yu ever hev enny nitemare? rose and went down stairs to the cel-7. Are yu married and liv single, lar, where her husband, minus his cont was endeavoring to move a huge wash-

"You see Bridget," he called out, 9. What are yure private senti- "this is the worst possible place the ments about a rush ov rats tew the thing could stand in, and-why Mrs. Haven, is it you?"

and if so, how duz it seem tew effect thought you had gone to your office, Henry. 11. Did yu ever have the meezels, "I am going presently," said Mr. After ansiring the abuve questions down here is at sixes and sevens. It's

Haven, "but you see Mary, everything his hands; "a thousand dollars is a shops, butter shops, and grocers "No, it is not; she is actually afraid. The many hard in distress and get me a sewing machine, you may order me a fast like a man onto the conformation, the well I come down occasionally. Cook stitch machine from F. P. CHENEY-either a slick, little fat old fellow, with gold has no more economy than a wild "GOLD MEDAL," or a "NEW AMERICAN specks on, ced I waz insured for life, savage, and Bridget puts everything hemmers to turn the hem up or down, and they and probably wad remain so for a precisely where it shouldn't be. My will fell, braid bind, tuck, and embroider, and term ov years. I thanked him and dear have you looked over the grocer's

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven. "Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere-and that reminds me-the molasses keg is drip-

Bridget and cook stood by, murmuring dark discontent. Mrs. Haven was more annoyed than she cared to " But you don't see to it my dear!

I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf-eggs my dear, that are completely wasted when eggs are five cents apiece!" Mrs. Haven turned and went up stairs again with a round red spot glowing on either cheek-signal pen-

nons of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel, any more than other women are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walkglittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum-book?" asked her husband as he entered pulling on his gloves. " No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's washing machine," answered

" Now puss, you are out of temper," Besides she said, what would become said Mr. Haven good humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is of you.' "Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, " you have to make toast for her at the noys me to have you interfere in my don't know how it mortifies and an-

"Aren't we a firm, Henry Haven & Wife?" he asked coolly," and are not our interests identical?" "Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to

"That's all nonsense, my love." "Henry, will you oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my me when I cat cabbage with a knife. own management?"

"I would do so much to oblige you, my dear Mary, but I shall not concede lawyer, he once had a case before a bad tempered Judge of an obscure Pennsylvania Court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling nant and meditative.

that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven indignant and meditative.

"Well, old fellow" Bridget's voice broke out with Cel-

picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave black book behind the flour barrel."

"Please ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

"Your decision."

pages as Bridget disappeared. The ker half an hour ago." column devoted to that was full of

"See Kartwyn & Daley about the Thad, turned to him very deferential
"See Kartwyn & Daley about the house in 12th street—not to let them like a great golden orb, the sun like a great golden orb, it for \$1,290. Call at McAllister's not take the half lot!" plied, in amazement: "Express my contempt for this Court! No, sir! I adding as he turned to leave, "but I ded hard to do it."

it for \$1,290. Call at McAllister's and as twelve o'clock booms forth, bung above the sea; while the half lot!"

Mr. Haven bit his lip; this was a course is obstinacy; its independence our visit to Seven Dials on a Sunday me row you and Rosa and Hubert in the boat, and Miss Chaloner will ture was full of soft, serene repose, and yet Juliet Chaloner stood with sad—very sad. for have not we seen walk with the others."

In a fine manly boy of fourteen, "let and as twelve o'clock booms forth, our visit to Seven Dials on a Sunday ture was full of soft, serene repose, and yet Juliet Chaloner stood with the others."

Martin to proceed directly with suit is persistency is fanaticism. It is a lazy world and hates alarm-bells. It is a things? not to settle tailor's bill-alteration But had he not been pretty tolera-Mr. C. was in the habit of asking he children to repeat the text on their down the children to repeat the text on their down to be made first. Go halves with bly certain of the number he would not have recognized the rooms. Two hope of accomplishing what she has

"What are you standing about doing going to Brooklyn in the morning; cause.

rang the bell. 137 more flies this year than last by actual count,

"Does Clarence believe I am a coware in the most perfect order, or rathrectory.

"Does Clarence believe I am a coware in the most perfect order, or rathroom, it was contracted thus: "A vir
ard? or does he believe me guilty of
the most perfect order, or rathrectory.

"Does Clarence believe I am a coware in the most perfect order, or rathroom, it was contracted thus: "A vir
ard? or does he believe me guilty of
the most perfect order, or rathrectory.

"Bless your heart, sir! Blyden's Point as ever."

When at length the carriage arriv- | them. Where are my law-books?" "Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's N .- rectories and handbooks look so much

Mr.Kartwyn came te his office door. a dried-up little lawyer, much aston- ly becoming for a woman thus to usurp beach into drops of gold. Far off, ished at the apparition of a pretty her husband's place!"

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn," said so you told me this morning-Henry uid western fire; here and there a Mary calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I Haven & wife-and therefore our in- white sail gleamed up-man's mark called to let you know that you could terests are identical!" have the house in Twelfth street for " Yes, but-" a thousand dollars a year. I suppose you are aware that the property be- icking her husband's rather pompous the long low piazza of the hotel, swing. tions!" said Mrs. Elton sharply. "Go longs to me!"

with the "bargain" he was about to deem it advisable." secure. "And now drive to Nr. McAllister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven. of his forehead at the smiling sunshine a week." She walked in with lool self-posses- out of Mary's eyes.

" Mr. Haven has emcluded to take the buff oil-cloth," shesaid. Mr. McAllister starel, but he en-And Mr. Haven must have left his ter spirits." tered the order in his books.

"I will send it round mmediately." fice, for Mary never saw any more of is here," said the small matron, curl- meet us at five o'clock. "Now for the tailor," thought Mary. them. Neither husband nor wife ever ing her lip a little superciliously. Snipe and Scissors hal an elegant alluded to the subject again, but Mr. "He is so absurdly infatuated about vance of your boating party," said Ju. the deep, well-known tones, "take establishment on a side street, just Haven was cured of his own bad hab- Juliet Chaloner!" out of Broadway. Mary calmly walk- its. Mary's stratagem was worth a "I think she is a lovely girl," said ed up to the counter. thousand remonstrances. "Henry Haven's bill receipted if

which was promptly paid. " Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency,

The tailor presented the locument,

opposite ---- street." Ah, Mrs. Haven, is it you?" said do to serve you this morning?"

And cook flounced out, maltreating ately." chance. I'll let them know immedi- every shop is open; hatters, butchers, such an egregious coward!"

now and turn the stove round, and for the poor man's shilling. Little thrown; she won't ride, lest she should how shall we get back again?" have Jack re-arrange the law-books?" Earl street swarms with people selling be run away with; she is terrified out Juliet laid down the branch of sea- if she had been a saint; for to ber her husband's office in a narrow, down pictures, bootfaces, onions, braces and mouse; and I wish you could have Elton, and looked off toward the rising human in the noble self abnegation of

ment of Kartwyn & Daley.

"About that Twelfth street lease, you may buy furniture, beds, old keys, Mrs. Dorsey smiled. Mr. Cartwyn?" "Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing ticles of a similar kind. Barber's affectation."

The lawver looked amazed.

and I could have it for a thousand dol- mongers, and the newsboys try to for nothing."

this is quite unbusiness like." replied the lawyer stiffly. "I only tention, namely, pleasure-taking. This her." know that Mrs. Haven spoke before is the day for "an outing." Men with "Yes," returned Mrs. Elton, indif- pale, trembling, and incapable of ef- clean, came into that company so

undeniably hers." half down by this time !"

some time since!"

" The mischief she did !" asked the dealer, anxiously.

Mary? is she crazed?"

wear 'em unless they are made over and break many a heart. But these One little one clung to her skirts, on the waves. completely-nor will I pay the bill !" people cat as well as drink. Down another held her hand, and two or "The boat is overloaded already," or, "You are aware that our rule is, street, flit husbands and wives with neared the piazza. Yes, Juliet had "Push off, Harry, and row as fast as soaked them for hours in turpentine

"Very well, your bill isn't settled, Beef, mutton, pork-but beef by pref- degree, and Mrs. Elton's small off- long distance from home." and it won't be, either, in a hurry." erence—form the staple dinners of spring considered Miss Chaloner little The generous heart of the boy rose outsider, here gave his experience in "Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morn- those who dine at home. Many of short of the white-winged pertections up with a great choking throb. ing," said the tailor referring to his them do not. The cook-shops are that they had read about in their Sun-

Mrs. Haven! How the uncalled for is ten p. m. There is a door banged, "Mamma! mamma!" piped out lit- "Listen to me, Harry." she said the ladle where the melted iron was interferance of Mrs Haven stared him a window broken, a shout, then a roar the Hubert, a chubby-cheeked rogue hurriedly. "Row home, as fast as you and had it run into a skillet. Well, in the face at every step. Of course of voices, and a sudden rushing of there was no remonstrance to be feet. It is a fight! Joe the blacksmith promised to go to Blyden's Point with and then—then you can send the boat the last six years, and here the other

left the establishment.

in front of his gate, with both hands tremendous force. Up come some of for your aquarium!" in his pockets. He looked up as Har- the police, and all is over. But both "Don't talk so loud, children," said tossing mass of waves.

" And by whose authority?"

men were on their knees diligently once set her mind upon is well illusgave attention. One Sabbath the text | Mary Haven read the words with- hammering down the hated buff cloth. trated in a homely manner by the folwas, "Why stand ye here all the day out much interest at first, but pres- Jack, the office boy, had turned the lowing anecdote: "A kind physician idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Charley came and was asked the country of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lips.

Stove round, so that its iron elbow living near Boston, wishing to soothe projected into your face very much as if he would have said, "Take my he was attending, asked her if there to repeat the text. He hesitated a "I am very glad I found this mem. arm!" and Mrs. Haven sat at his desk, was anything that he could do for her dainty little hysterics," went on Mrs. moment, and then, as if it had just come orandum book," she thought. "Let sorting and arranging papers with in- before she died. The poor soul, look- Elton, with polite malice. "If there's to him after much thought, he said :- me see,-Mr. Haven told me he was dustry worthy of a more legitimate ing up, replied, 'Doctor, I have al- anything Clarence respects it is com-

> Mrs. Haven looked quietly up. glass butter dish before I died!" "Yes, my dear; Jones vs. Brown! he belongs on that pile. Really Har-Her bonnet and shawl were on long ry, the confusion of your papers is aportered to engrave upon stone: "A skillfully directed arrow had reached in her ears—the moaning of the surf—dy, darlint, ye'er sinsible to the last?" virtuous woman is a crown to her the mark.

"Oh, I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dingy, and the di-

Sunday in Seven Dials.

"Mary, are you crazy? Is it scarce- all the little pools along the shingly night." "We are a firm, my dear, at least seemed to melt imperceptibly into liq- loving whisper:

written on the pages of the deep. "Yes, it's very nice," said little spitefully? "Consequently," went on Mary, mim- Mrs. Elton plaintively, as she sat on voice of the morning, "I shall beg the ing a gypsy hat by its broad ribbons, and brush your hair for tea!" Mr. Kartywn bowed low, delighted privilege of interfering whenever I "but I should have preferred some inland place for the summer. You see 150 to Blyden's Point with us?" said Henry Haven looked frowningly at I am never at ease about the children, Juliet, brightly, as she met Mrs. Elton across Juliet Chaloner's eyes, as she

> "My dear," said he, "it is rather beauties of the sea-shore very much," with an air of indifference. late to transact any more business to- said Mrs. Dorsey rather roguishly. day. Shall we walk up home together ?" I think I never saw Mr. Sevile in bet- Harry, "I am to row mamma and the

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mrs. Dorsey, quietly wondering with-

merits of their brothers' finances. In the London Christian World, we "Lovely? O, yes I suppose she is "Where now, ma'am?" said the find a graphic picture of the deplor- lovely enough, only I never did fancy slipped away upon the velvet smooth able Sabbath scenes in this neighbor- that blue-eyed, flaxen-haired style of

hood, which is the Five Points of Lon- beauty. a dog-sale, an open-air bazaar. No. I don't suppose he would be willing very charming. "Nothing, thanks," said Mary, gra- it is Seven Dials on Sunday. What to own that she had a fault in See, Miss Chaloner, cried Bessie, erowds of people, what shouting, what the world; I did talk to him seriously, eestatically dancing about on tiptoes, were fast circling round the eyelet of husband has thought better of the a Devonshire valley, a Yorkshire dale, tle airs and graces of hers, but I saw shells. "All right," said Jordan. Smythe poor are buying and selling all kinds is disposed to be selfish—those only on that high point, and take your shells, horrible than one could well imagine! and Walker are only waiting for the of things as fast as they can. Nearly daughters often are; and then she is away quick, unless you wish to loose

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at fish, combs, vegetables, walking-sticks, of her senses at the apparition of a weed she had been admiring with Mrs. there seemed something more than other sundries. In Great St. Andrew heard her scream, the other day, when tide, with a check suddenly blanching Juliet's courage! About one hour subsequently, Mr. street crowds of rough loungers are a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've to a dead whiteness. and rabbits. In Great Earl street anced character."

very fair price sir. I don't mean to slops, flourish in Great White Lion Goodness knows how Clarence will from now this point will be submerg- load. They were both in distress, and let you have it a cent short of fiteen street. Returning to Seven Dials we ever go through life with such a silly ed. Oh, why did we not think of that? needed present help, which Mr. Herfind the crowd greater than ever. Ev- little coward as Juliet Chaloner. I The boat, Harry-quick!" erybody seems to make a noise. The take every opportunity of showing my "But, Miss Chaloner," pleaded Bes- coat and helped the poor man to un-"Mrs. Haven was here this morn- butchers shout, "Buy buy! what'll you disapproval of the engagement, but of sie," if we were to run—the water is load his horse. The poor man blessed ing, and told me it was her property, buy?" The fish hawkers, the cheese course my thoughts and feelings go surely not higher than our waists. him for it, and he blessed the poor

witnessess, and that the property is fishing rods and lads with tin cans go ferently, "she has a way of winning fort sat on the rock.

hurrying past. They are off to Horn-children's affections, I believe." Henry Haven retreated from the sey, or Lea bridge, or Hampstead, for As Juliet Chaloner came up the "I think I am going to faint." field, vanquished but chafing. a day's sport, such as it is. Omni- broad path, her slight figure darkly But even while the words were on aged himself by so dirty employment, "It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is buses, traps, cabs, carts and vans, outlined against the fiery gold of the her lips Julict's arm encircled her his answer was that what he had done thunder across Seven Dials, all of them sunset, her beauty seemed something waist, and Juliet's strength guided her would prove music to him at midnight, "The buff pattern, sir; cheap goods. laden with smoking, noisy people, and etherial, intangible, to Mrs. Dorsey to the little boat that lay rocking on and that the omission of it would have Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it very drunk some of them will be when She was slight and small, with trans- the waves, with Harry at the oars. It upbraided and made discord in his they return home from the sweet parent white roses floating around her, was very small, containing but two conscience whensoever he should pass country. It is one p. m. Alas! that and long, loose curls of pallid gold, seats, and when Mrs. Elton and five by that place. O, how many might "I hope there is no mistake, sir?" is the golden hour to many—the hour while the faint tinge of rose in her children were ensconced therein, eve- have the anxious thoughts which often when beer and gin may be sold across perfectly rounded cheeks, and the ry nook, even to stem and helm was infest their midnight hours changed " N-n," returned honest Henry, the counter to thirsty souls. Since scarlet ripeness of her lips, supplied occupied. disconsolately; adding to himself, as 12:30 crowds of men and women too, the deficiency of coloring that "There is no room for Miss Chal- frequently seen, with full hands and he turned away, "What has got into have been converging towards Seven would otherwise have been perceptioner!" ejaculated Harry in blank dis- friendly words, in the abodes of pov-Dials, and getting nearer and nearer ble. But the eyes were perhaps the may. "Mamma, Miss Chaloner is not erty and suffering! These are the All things considered, it was not the doors of the gin-shops, and bar- most noticeable feature of her beauty. in the boat !" strange that Mr. Haven was not in a maids and pothoys have been dressing Large and blue, with a sort of inward Mrs. Elton looked feebly around. | science to midnight harmonies.—Chris very amiable humor by the time he reached the sanctum of Snipe & Scistemples. One! Open go the doors that melted sometimes into velvety in my lap," she faltered, scarcely knowand in rush the crowds, and soon blackness, there was an expression in ing what she said. "I'd like to know what you mean smoking, drinking, gabble and loud them that was too subtle and charm- But Juliet unloosed the loop of the in our "private crib," there was a by sending home such garments?" laughter mark the commencement of ing for description. You felt it, yet rope that fastened the boat to a pro-

he demanded imperiously. "I won't revels which will blight many a home you could not define its enchantment! jecting point of rock, and flung it out "Bed bugs and their remarkable te-

open too, and do a rare business. It day school books! made, and the discomforted husband and Bill the plasterer "are at it " pell- us to-morrow-where the little twist- back for me." mell. In a moment the street is full ed shells grow, you know!"

way, he thought, "and secure that Joe," is shricked out by mad women, all flushed and breathless, "You'll go her shoulder at the white crested where he'd heen laying like a frog in lot: it will be a capital speculation." drunk with gin, and heavy blows are Mr. Jordan was standing whistling heard as the men beat each other with ner says you can find those star fish sands, and knew that in two hours roost up stairs! But," added he, by Joe and Bill are the worse for the Mrs. Elton, pettishly. "Dear me, how Yet she smiled and fluttered her,

"Suppose we clear up the business houses send forth great crowds of Do go in and get on something fit to heavily freighted boat glided slowly about that Central Park lot," said drunken people, thieves prowl about, be seen. I'm afraid you found them away, and spoke cheering words to "Please ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

Haven carelessly, "I don't think I fallen women in gay attire roll home very noisy and troublesome, Miss the brave little oarmen, even though the chill of death lay cold at her heart.

The data you found them the study in the brave little oarmen, even though the chill of death lay cold at her heart. "Thank you, Bridget; it is Henry Haven's.

"Your decision comes rather late," said Mr. Jordan shrugging his shoul- empty baskets and sore feet limp to- "I'm very fond of children, you know."

"Your decision comes rather late," said Juliet, pleasantly. "Not at all," said Juliet, pleasantly. "Slowly the black outline of the boat said Mr. Jordan shrugging his shoul- empty baskets and sore feet limp to- "I'm very fond of children, you know."

> Mr. Haven's brow was darkening.
>
> Mrs. Haven's brow was darkening.
>
> Mrs. Haven's She was here a literated by the silent police was here a literated by the silent police by the silent police was here a literated by the silent police by the si and as twelve o'clock booms forth, ton, a fine manly boy of fourteen, "let hung above the sea; while the blue, inacy, always protest against it. Its

> > encounter a spider or a field mouse by mentarily drawing nearer and nearer master knave, the reformer ruffian the road, I wont answer for the con- -the stern relentless death whose and the saint devil. It nails its con-Juliet laughed, but she colored nev. as now!

"I was telling Clarence of your ways thought I should like to have a mon sense and courage.

Juliet went into the house without replying, but the heightened spot of A country sculptor in England was color on either cheek showed that The thunder of the cruel waves were "Och!" exclaimed her husband; "Bid-

Juliet's Courage.

diamonds. "Oh, what have I ever done time!" that Mrs. Elton should speak so unkindly to me? If Clarence were only Mrs. Elton. The level sunset light was turning here! but he will come to-morrow

"He will come to-morrow night." We may perhaps bring off her body, "Mamma," said Harry bluntly, "why

"Little boys shouldn't ask ques-"So you have really concluded to

his wife, but the wrinkles vanished out and Mr. Elton comes down only once at the dinner table next day. "Your brother seems to enjoy the are so importunate," said Mrs. Elton, led dream, and a dim remembrance "And Miss Chaloner," interposed

"Then we must start a little in ad-

"I suppose so," said Harry. "Oh, mamma, won't it be jolly?" "Harry!" sighed Mrs. Elton, rein herself why it was that the sisters were never willing to acknowledge the provingly, "when will you learn a lit- fice." tle elegance in your language?" How brightly the golden atternoon sands of Blyden's Point. Even Mrs.

Elton forgot to be spiteful, but revelled in the beauty of the far off rocks and coming from the nearest railway sta-"My dear, didn't I tell you that sapphire firmament, and owned to her- tion by boat, instead of the usual sterthe agent cheerfully. "What can I Why, surely it is a market day-a fair, Clarence was completely infatuated? self that "really Juliet Chaloner was cotyped stage route, he had caught

"I came round to tell you that my buying and sciling! To a visitor from at one time, about those coquetish lit. "the water is creeping all over my ground. Bidding the boatmen, row Central park lot. He will not take or a Highland glen, the uproar is at once that I might as well have talk- "Don't you see the tide is coming simply astounding. Hundreds of the ed to the wind. You see, I think she up?" said Harry cagerly. "Stand up Juliet Chaloner from a death more

them. takers, shoe-makers, clothiers, con- "How do you mean?" questioned "But, Miss Chaloner," said Helen, girl! were it possible to love you "I don't think I have done quite fectioners, grocers, bird and dog fan-mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to ciers, drapers, cheesemongers and "She won't go out on horseback, over that narrow neck of land, where self-sacrifice would move me to do so." herself. "I'll go down to the office newsvenders, are eagerly competing because she is so afraid of being we crossed by the old light house;

Haven sauntered into the citablish making bargains for dogs, ferits, birds, no patience with such a miserably bal- "Miss Chaloner, what is the matter?" shrieked Mrs. Elton catching at of the saintly George Herbert, the her shawl. boots and shoes, and many other ar- "Perhaps it is only a bit of girlish "We arecut off from the main land," once in a walk to Sailsbury to join a

"Mrs. Haven !" echoed the astound- they do it. Babel is come again, and children clinging around her," said a fearful rate; it would only be use- fresh himself and horse. Thus he left ed husband. "But really you know the deafness would almost be a com- Mrs. Dorsey, glancing down the path less to risk our lives to make the at- the poor man; and at his coming to fort. But another aspect of Sunday that led to the sea beach. "They cer- tempt. Get into the boat, Mrs. Elton." his musical friends at Sailsbury, they "I don't know whether it is or not," life begins to force itself on our at- tainly appear to be very fond of "Mamma! mamma!" wailed the began to wonder that Mr. George

"Sir? demanded the surprised tail- the street, up the street, and across the three skipped in front of her as she she said, in a strangely calm voice. ed and then come to life. Some had no alteration after the bill is settled." hot dinners fresh from the bakehouse. the gift of charming children in a rare you can; it grows late, and you are a without any fatal consequences. Old

here to perish? Never!"

And as the words trembled on her what do you think, gentleman? that "I'll stop in at Mr. Jordan's, any- of a yelling crowd. "Give it him. "And, mamma!" interrupted Rosa, tongue. Juliet Chaloner glanced over ere insect just walked out of his hole. from that time, it would be one wild way of parenthasis, "by George, gen

fight. It is eleven p. m. The public- dreadfully sunburned you all are. white handkerchief to them, as the She glanced mechanically at its ders; I signed over to Smith & Par- wards the cellars where they live and And I really think, Mrs. Elton, you and less; and when it was hidden singleness of purpose and steadiness die, the omnibuses ceases to thunder would find it a very pleasant walk to past, the last reveller staggers into the Blyden's Point."

die, the omnibuses ceases to thunder would find it a very pleasant walk to the coast the bitter loneliness of her derstood. This earnestness, turned

walk with the others."

and yet Juliet Chaloner stood with classed hands and silent endurance, lazy world and hates alarm-bells. It only if Miss Chaloner should chance to waiting for the death which was mo-

ertheless; her constitutional nervous- She thought how the blue tides ness was rather a sensitive point in her | would sparkle over her grave-she thought how perchance her dead corpse would float on the waves, the golden hair all wet and dark-and a cold shudder came over her whole frame. "And he will be at home to-night," she murmured.

> "My God! my God! surely this is she faintly said, " there's Missus Mul the bitterness of death!"

"Confusion, madam? I tell you they husband; "but being cramped for- "Does Clarence believe I am a cow- "Send a boat back to Blyden's Craw-I owe her half a sovereign."

hanging on her eyelashes like liquid is seven feet under water by this

"And Miss Chaloner?" shrieked

"The Lord have mercy on her soul!" solemnly uttered the old man, taking And the smiles came back to Juliet's off his cap. "There is no use in huragainst the horizon, the great sea lip as she repeated to herself in a low rying, ma'am; but I'll get up my boat.

> "Oh, Juliet! Juliet!" gasped Mrs. did you speak to Miss Chaloner so Elton, wringing her hands, "what shall I say to my brother when he asks for you? You gave your own life to save ours! And I dared to call you a cow-

The soft light of a shaded lamp fell opened them, with a vague sense of "Yes, to please the children; they having passed through a wild, troubof thundering tides, and the dizzy rise and fall of the waves.

"Where am I!" she murmured You, Clarence. Have we crossed little ones while you walk across the "interference" principles at the of- "Oh, that's because Miss Chaloner sands, with Bessie and Helen, and the River of Death, and is this heav-"My own love," tenderly responded

courage; there are years of love and happiness before us yet. You would have given your life to save others. but God would not accept the sacri-

"But how came I here?" she asked, shuddering, as she remembered the slippery sands and the sounds of many waters.

And then Clarence told her how, sight of a white object on the sands at Blyden's Point, where the raging tides up to it with all possible speed, he found himself just in time to rescue "God's hand guided me there, dear-

est," he said impressively. " My noble

quaint old English church poet, that said Juliet, in a low, clear voice. "The musical party, he saw a poor man and bert perceiving, put off his canonical "My dear, the neck of land is half man, and was so like the good Samashout louder than the butchers, and "There she comes now with your a mile away, and the tide is rising at ritan that he gave him money to rechildren in chorus, while Mrs. Elton Herbert, who used to be so trim and soiled and discomposed. But he told "I cannot move!" she stammered. them the occasion; and when one of the company told him he had dispar-

> nacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boil-Hanks, who had been listening as an corroboration of the fact. Says he an iron foundry and dropped it into day she broke it all to smash; and tlemen, he looked mighty pale!

horrors had never seemed so ghashtly solers on a cross for intimating that it needs consolation; and it hangs its deliverer on a gallows for hinting that its well is not well enough. - O. B. Frothingham.

An Irishwoman who has kept a little grocery shop was brought to her death bed, and was on the point of breathing her last, when she called her husband to her bedside. "Jamie," ony-she owes me six shillings."and Juliet Chaloner knew no more. | "Yes, dear; an' there's Missus M'-